

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1883.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 160.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Please don't send stamps in payment of subscription, except to make change, and then of five cents more than over three cents.

How Cable Messages are Received.

Until the forepart of November the French cable, having its terminus at North Eastham, Mass., employed the flash system of signaling. Now the cable is worked duplex on the Starns system, using an automatic recorder, by which the messages are received in ink on a narrow strip of paper.

By the system which has been displaced the messages were spelled out by flashing a ray of light back and forth across a standard line, the right and left flashes corresponding with the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphic alphabet. In this system the light is flashed by reflection from an extremely light mirror, which is turned to right and left by the opposing influences of positive and negative impulses. This system has the advantage of being operated with slight electric impulse, but also the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record. To secure the latter very important end the recording instrument has been adopted.

A recent visitor to Heart's Content describes as follows the method of receiving messages at that point. The recorder is a horseshoe magnet, electrified by the usual circles of fine wire, and attracting a small metallic coil. The coil is hung between the magnet's poles, and by a light lever and a thread almost as fine as the strand of a cobweb is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it flow more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a darning needle, and the inferior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape playing perpendicularly through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable.

Let us imagine now that a coming message has been signaled from far across the ocean at Valentia. The operator at first opens the simple machinery that works the brass rollers. On the centre of the tape, as it passes between the rollers, the siphon at first marks only a straight line. Suddenly the line swerves to the right or left. The message has started, and the end of the siphon has begun its record. Worked by two keys, and positively or negatively electrified, the coil swings the siphon point now to one side, now to the other, along the tape. Responsive to the trained hand of the operator, the filament of ink marks out one notch, two notches, three notches; then suddenly it may be a high elevation or depression, until the delicate line traced on the tape looks like the tiny outline of a mountain range.

But it is a range whose very hilltop, peak and valley means an alphabetical symbol to the telegrapher's eye. The recorder is the invention of the famous electrician Sir William Thomson. How delicate an interpreter it is may be inferred from the fact that ten jars work 1,800 miles of cable between Valentia and Heart's Content, while twenty-five jars of the same electric power would be needed to work 350 miles of land wire; in other words, the recorder is more than twelve times as efficient for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The recorder traces its character on the tape about as fast as a slow penman copies a letter. Besides its delicacy of work, the recorder, as its name imports, has the merit of leaving the record of the message.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—Let the people remember that the Federal government is collecting more money than it can honestly and economically spend; that in the surplus lies temptation to extravagance and jobbery; that every act of misgovernment of the republican party, from the Grant Ring steals to the Star-Route frauds, can be traced to it; that until it is rooted out of our political system there will be no end to such evils; that the democratic party stands pledged, with vows it has never yet broken, to reform and economy, and a reduction of the revenues, and that its great victory of last fall was won upon such principles.—[Wartown Reunion.]

One of Gov. Knott's Stories.

In the genial company of the story-tellers of Kentucky who haunt Mr. Knott's rooms, I have heard many dramatic recitals. Possibly nothing more dramatic than the midnight adventure of a Kentucky major at a wedding where he was as a young man, "full of blood and—I, sir."

In his day a Kentucky wedding was the occasion of the most lavish hospitality. The house of the particular wedding described by the major was packed with guests. They all were jolly and happy. The evening was one round of gaiety. At midnight when he came to go to bed the head of the major was racked and heavy from numerous potations. He just remembered he was to sleep in a room at the end of the hall, on the third story. His bed-fellow was to be the groom's best man. When he reached the end of the hall he could not remember whether it was the right or left bed-room. He hesitated a moment, and then chanced on the left.

Evidently he had made no mistake. The room was unoccupied. He undressed rapidly, tossing his clothes in every direction. In a moment he was in bed, the light out, and a second later sound asleep.

Suddenly he was waked by a fiat in his back, and then a feminine voice said: "Wake up, Nelly, I want to talk before I go to sleep."

Then the Major did wake, and trembled with horror. He remembered now that the two belles of the county, the handsomest women in Kentucky, had the room opposite him. He had gotten into the wrong room and bed. The last comer had come up, had undressed in the dark, and had stolen in by the side of what she thought was her companion.

The major fairly shivered with fright. At any moment the real companion might come, and then he knew what would follow. The girls had several uncles, cousins and brothers in the house. They all shot very well. A scene would merely result in his being ridiculed first and allowed to explain afterward.

After one second, an eternity of thought, the major resolved on a bold course. He jumped from the bed as if he were in the company of a snake. Then he said, in a low tone of voice: "Miss, for God's sake don't scream. There is a horrible mistake here. Don't scream. I am going to get my clothes and get out. For God's sake don't scream!"

Not hearing a word in reply, the major began to hunt for his clothes. He did not dare strike a light. He was in the very short night garments of the period, and it could not be too dark for him. He hunted his clothes with great difficulty, dreading each moment to see the door open and the other young lady walk in. Finally he huddled all his clothes together, all but one stocking, when a voice from the bed said: "Hurry up, sir!" At this he bolted to the door. Luck was on his side. No one was in the hall. He made a dash across and arrived in his own room, where his friend hadn't yet arrived.

Hardly had he closed the door when he heard a rush of flying feet down the hall and the rustle of skirts as the room opposite was entered by belle No. 2.

It was a lucky escape. The stocking was afterward discovered, but as no owner could be found for it, no scandal was created.

To hear the hero of this story relate it, with all the dash and style of a true Kentucky story-teller, would give an outside individual a good idea of the powers of entertainment of the Kentucky people who followed Mr. Knott, crowded his rooms and swear by him in all the acts of his political career.

About the greatest curse the industrious sheep-raiser has to contend with is the sheep-killing cur. He is worse than the rot, or pneumonia, or fever, or black-tongue. He is a danger continually hanging over the flock. No stress of weather, no force of circumstances, no combination of events, nothing short of a shot-gun policy, or a liberal poison programme, can debar him from his favorite meal of mutton. He is a nuisance, a torment and serious drawback to a most useful and profitable industry. He should be shot on sight, and poisoned on suspicion. He demands legislation, prompt effective, and deadly legislation. A bounty should be put on his scalp, and a premium on his hide. He is of no earthly account, and gets as high as he can possibly climb in the scale of usefulness when he affords the buzzards a square meal.—[Glasgow Times.]

The Latest Fashion in Coffins.

An enterprising Chicago man has invented a "marble burial casket," which has had considerable sale in the West and New York.

It is made of Portland and Keene cement, and is imperishable and indestructible. Surviving friends of the dead have a natural and commendable desire to preserve the bodies of their loved ones from decay as long as possible. Wooden coffins decay very speedily, and those made of iron rust and crumble away in a very short time when subjected to the chemicals of the earth. In the earlier ages stone graves hewn out of solid rock were the favorite receptacles for the dead, not only because they resisted the agencies mentioned, but also because they preserved the dead from the hands of the resurrectionists. Such a thing as a solid marble or a stone grave is out of the question now, however, except among millionaires, but the new burial casket meets all of the ends served by the old stonegrave. It is in striking contrast with the dilapidated cloth, wooden and iron caskets, and will supersede the necessity of vaults. Each one of the caskets is a hermetically sealed catacomb in itself. They are lighter than iron, and the strongest caskets ever made. The interior is perforated zinc set on a wrought-iron skeleton frame. Both the frame and the zinc are embedded in the walls of the casket. The cement grows harder with age.

One point, and a very strong one, in favor of this casket is that when it is closed it becomes a perfect whole. The cover is joined to the casket with the same cement with which the casket is made, and hence it is hermetically sealed without joint or crack. It is a complete, solid marble case. Another great advantage of our caskets over those of wood or iron is the fact that burial ceremonies can be held with perfect safety over the bodies of persons who have died of contagious diseases. There is not the slightest danger of contagion.

A first-class marble casket does not cost any more than the best make of iron or wood. The upholstery and the outside trimmings are all of the best quality, and, in fact, precisely the same as those used in ordinary coffins.

Who is Your Mammy?

A Cincinnati bunko stealer approached an Illinois cattle dealer the other day and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Black? When did you get here?" The cattle dealer said to the young man: "I guess you are mistaken. My name isn't Black, but Joe Brown, and I'm from Florida, Ill."

"O," said the young man, "you must excuse me. I thought you were an old friend of mine by the name of Black, at Indianapolis." "No harm done mister," said the cattle man. A couple of blocks and nice young man number two came up all smiles held out his hand and shaking hands, said: "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Brown. When did you leave Florida, and how is father?" Said Brown, "I'll be gosh darned if I can tell you how your pap is, for I don't know him."

"Don't know my father in Florida," said the young man, "why he's President of the national bank there; you must certainly know John Thompson." "Oh, ho, so John Thompson, President of the First National Bank at Florida, is your pap." "Yes," said the nice young man, all smiles. "Well then, if John Thompson is your pap, who is your mammy, for old John Thompson was never married." The young man suddenly left.

When a citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., wishes to send a letter to a friend in the opposite village on the Canadian side of the river, he directs it, prepaying the postage, and puts it in the post office on the American side; then in order to reach the post office on the Canadian side, which is about one mile distant, the letter goes to Detroit through the United States mails, crosses from Detroit to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in about ten days from the time it started—ten days to go one mile. But when one is in a hurry he goes across the river himself and talks to the other fellow; he doesn't write.

A calf in Woodford county swallowed a ball of reaper's twine. The owner of the animal got hold of the end of the twine, and pulled out 674 feet of it, and when our informant left, the calf was still emitting string!—[Post.]

Treatment of Consumption.

Dr. Felix Oswald says that consumption is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. The population living at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level have been shown to be quite free from consumption. What the doctor calls "indigestion of respiration" is bred by humid climates and stagnant air. He believes in the theory of the German Dr. Koch, that parasites are a phase of the disease, but maintains that their appearance does not amount to a death sentence. "Cease to feed the lungs with azotic gases," he says, "and Dr. Koch's animalcules will starve and disappear." He claims that all but the latest stages of consumption can be subdued by outdoor exercise. He condemns the night air superstition, and recommends mountain excursions, even to the extent of a three months' tour under the disadvantages of insufficient clothing and protracted fasts, as certain to effect a cure in a majority of cases. He points out malnutrition of the lungs as one of the causes of consumption and suggests fatty substances and sweet cream as the best lung food. A vocal effort, he says, doesn't injure the respiratory organs; on the contrary, it strengthens them, and he thinks that consumptives should envy cattle drivers, "whose business gives them a plausible pretext for yelling." Too many clothes he considers harmful, whereby the perspiration is forced back upon the body and the lungs have to do double work.

Baby Kissing.

If there is any object on top of God's green earth utterly unlikable and generally repugnant to a man of healthy sentiment, it is somebody else's baby. Indecisive men have been known to yield to the solicitations of fond mothers and actually submit to the indignity of having a new baby thrust under their nostrils, but these men have always repented and usually gone on spruces just to reassert their independence and recover their self-respect. Men who would walk up to a bombshell and spit on the sputtering fuse will quail and cower in abject terror before the muzzle of a baby, even when assured that it is not loaded. Some men don't mind having babies pointed at them, but these are the sort of men who blow down gun barrels and monkey with buzz saws and do almost any foolish thing. It is a well known fact that a man who will knowingly kiss a baby is generally addicted to chenille and worsted work and gossip, and there is a well grounded suspicion that he will steal sheep. This baby kissing tends to make hypocrites of good natured men, and there ought to be a crusade against the pernicious practice indulged in by the perpetrators of babies and frequently abetted by the proud instigators of these inchoate, howling contrivances, of recklessly pointing them at folks.—[Hancock Courier.]

Railways.

Existing railways cost \$16,000,000, and would reach eight times around the globe. The first steam railway was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27th, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool on September 15th, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railway, there was 1 passenger in every 350,000 killed and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas between 1835 and 1878 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed and 1 in 580,450 wounded, so that we may infer that accidents are yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in traveling, the chance of his dying from a railway accident would not occur until he was 960 years old.

In 1729 the first Catholic church was built in Philadelphia. There are now in that city a magnificent cathedral, besides 44 churches, 53 chapels, two colleges, 12 convents, 22 academies, 36 parochial schools and 24 hospitals and asylums. In the whole archdiocese there are 253 priests and a Catholic population of 300,000.

The Wisconsin man of eighty who married a girl of seventeen a year ago has been heard from again. He is suing for a divorce. He says that his wife has pulled his hair, thrown slops on him, jabbed him with a screw-driver and choked him.

The green stamp might have served to keep the memory of the father of his country the same color, but the new two-cent stamp bearing his vignette is to be red.—[Chicago Times.]

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

A very thin woman had felt the power of the spirit and been converted and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder, gently. "Yes, sir, I believe I have." "And you want to live a new life?" "Yes, sir, I hope I do." "Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?" "Sir?" "Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?" "Do I have to do that?" "Certainly, if you would be a consistent christian."

"Can't I give up two of them and still go into the church?" "No, the renunciation must be complete." "Well, then you must excuse me. I want to be a christian. I want to give up the world and the devil, but if a woman as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a christian and go and join a side show as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen you will have to excuse me. I want to join the church, but I'm not prepared to join a side show this summer.—[The Drummer.]

The Republican Party Must Go.

We believe the Star route verdict will leave a profound and lasting impression on the public mind. It ought to. The men declared "not guilty" are of no consequence; but the result of this trial will justify by all thoughtful citizens as proof that it is high time to make a change; that the "party of great moral ideas" is no longer entitled to their confidence and can not be safely trusted with the people's money. The verdict is, to be sure, but one of many evidences to the same effect. The River and Harbor jobs, the Robeson Navy jobs, the impudent refusal to make adequate reductions of taxation, the corrupt determination to compel needless and surplus taxes out of the people's pockets, the pension swindle, the unblushing alliance with all sorts of monopolies—all these prove that the republican party has outlived not merely its usefulness, but its moral sense. But it probably needed this result of the Star route trials to break the back of the public's patience.

The Presidential campaign of 1884 will be a battle between the people and the friends of monopoly and jobbery.—[N. Y. Herald.]

MANUFACTURE OF RUBBER SHOES.

—The Shoe and Leather Reporter says that there are sixteen rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, nine of which turn out from 1,000 to 5,000 pairs daily and seven of them from 8,000 to 20,000 pairs, aggregating about 90,000 a day, or 27,000,000 pairs a year. A great deal of attention is bestowed on the style and finish of rubber shoes. Some of the specialties made by leading manufacturers are as handsome as any that are made of cloth or leather. The sales have been largely increased by these improvements. On the other hand the rubber shoe people aim to put into their stock the utmost amount of dirt that is possible; for the more dirt the less cost to them.

Toney Weller, father of the lively Samivel, was innocently relating a story of his life as a stage driver. On one occasion he was to carry a stage-load of voters, when a member of the opposition offered Mr. Weller £10 if by accident the stage should turn over at a certain bad place in the road. "An' would you believe it, sir, by a very strange an' remarkable coincidence that ar' stage turned over at that ar' very point."

A LARGER ELEPHANT THAN JUMBO.—There has just arrived at Liverpool, consigned to a local naturalist, an elephant which is perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, for, though not quite so high as Jumbo, it is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. Its trunk at the thickest part has a circumference of three and a half feet.—[London Times.]

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deering's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectorant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

There is nothing more certain than the use of Brown's Expectorant for a severe cough, which will ultimately lead to Consumption or Chronic Bronchitis, if not cured. It taken when the cough is first contracted a few doses will convince you of its merits. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

WALL PAPER!

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And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

The Bar Association which met in Louisville, last week, seemed to think of something else besides eating and drinking, though that formed a considerable part of the programme. The questions discussed were those of an important character and it is hoped that their agitation may lead to the much needed changes demanded. Judge Barr read a paper advocating certain improvements in our jury system, on which, by the way, this paper has repeatedly expressed itself. In the first place he thinks that the Sheriff should not be allowed to summon jurors from the bystanders, as this allows the use of professionals, who hang around Court-houses for the purpose of turning a penny by hanging a jury. Neither does he think that jurors should be selected for a pending trial as this gives an opportunity to pack a jury. At present the State has but five peremptory challenges, while an accused has twenty. This leaves the State almost at the mercy of the defense and is the real cause of the many worthless and incompetent juries being foisted on the country. He believes like all honest thinking men that an equal number of challenges should be the law. The word "vicinage" ought to be left out of the jury provisions in the bill of rights and "a speedy trial by an impartial jury," alone be assured. As it at present stands the jury system is an impediment to the enforcement of the laws and there is a constantly increasing dissatisfaction with it. Our next legislature should do all in its power to remedy the existing evils of the system and change the law so that a majority of a jury shall bring in a verdict. The absurd law which makes one bull-headed man count more than eleven more competent ones, is a relic of the past that ought to be buried with it.

VALENTINE'S recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee was unveiled last Friday at Lexington, Va., where his remains lie buried, and over 6,000 persons were present. Father Ryan read his original poem entitled "The Sword of Lee," and Gen. Jubal A. Early introduced Maj. John W. Daniel who delivered an oration which for eloquence and finished diction has not been excelled since the days of Patrick Henry. Maj. Daniel will be remembered by all who attended the Cincinnati Convention for his matchless speech in seconding the nomination of General Hancock. He was the democratic candidate for Governor in Virginia at the late election and would have been chosen but for the degeneration of the voters of that formerly grand old Commonwealth.

The trade dollar nuisance must go. An agreement has been made in New York by merchants, bankers, laborers and others to refuse them except at the current rate of discount, and in Philadelphia there is a like arrangement. The government will not receive them for dues and will only buy them at the price of silver, now about 85 cents. It is a shame that a government so able to do so does not protect her currency, but the next Congress will be forced to do something with the trade dollar else it will be "tabooed" altogether.

The President, at the earnest solicitation of many republicans and not a few democrats, has decided to retain Gen. Fennell as collector of the Covington district and let Col. Swope remain at Lexington, right under the nose of Col. Goodloe, who has been rash enough to speak of him as both "hypocritical and treacherous" and in no sense fit to fill the position he occupies. If Col. Swope is the man we take him to be he will avenge this uncalled for insult even if he has to resort to the corrective influences of the cow-hide.

On a wager of \$2 that he dare not do it, Charles Barnes, who must be a low flung idiot, rode through the streets of Sheppardsville, without a stitch of clothing on his person. He was arrested and tried for a breach of the peace and very justly fined \$100 and ordered to jail for 25 days. As disgraceful as was such an offense, there were fools enough in Sheppardsville to sign a petition asking for the pardon of Barnes, but Governor Blackburn acted sensibly for once and refused to grant it.

On the seven tidal wave States last fall, which gave an aggregate democratic plurality of 283,058, Ohio, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts hold important elections this year. In making up the large democratic plurality foregoing, New York and Pennsylvania contributed 192,854 and 40,202 respectively, and in those States, republicans in crowds repudiated the regular party candidates.

We take it all back. The Virginia editors, Beirne and Klam, meant business in their duel and succeeded after many difficulties and failures in effecting a meeting near Waynesboro, Va., where they stood up like warriors and fired 32 calibre balls at each other, with only eight paces intervening. At the first shot a simultaneous report of the pistols rent the air and Beirne's sack coat was wounded in the tail. Goaded by this fresh indignity he demanded a second shot and steadying his nerves, he pulled trigger and Elam fell to the earth, severely wounded in the thigh. Being unable to stand and try it again, the wounded honors of the two belligerents were declared healed and Beirne was driven rapidly from the field. Elam was taken charge of by his surgeon and conveyed in a carriage to Lt. Gov. Lewis, where he lies in a suffering condition. His death would probably not affect the material interests of the State, if indeed, it did not prove an advantage. He is the hired tool of Mahone and is as pliant and yielding to the base repudiator as clay in the hands of the potter. Beirne, on the other hand, has labored very hard to promote the welfare of his State and keep her in her former proud position, and is a high-toned gentleman. It is a pity that he engaged in such a business, though if men must fight, the code is preferable to the prevailing stile in Kentucky and elsewhere of "getting the drop" on a man and killing him almost in cold blood.

A NEW YORK fiend, unfortunately the father of a pretty girl, compelled her to have her beautiful teeth, of which she was justly proud, extracted because she received visits from a gentleman against his wishes. Girls should endeavor to obey their parents, but a beast who could be guilty of such an act as the above should be roasted to death by a slow fire.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—One hundred and thirteen deaths from cholera occurred at Damietta, Egypt, in twenty-four hours.

—Ed Whittick attempted to kill Prof. Geo. A. Yates, Covington, Friday, because he had whipped him when a boy.

—There were one hundred and nine deaths from cholera at Damietta on Saturday. It is spreading along the Nile.

—Some fine Poland China boars were sold not long since in Ohio at \$350 and \$400 each, and a six months' boar pig at \$350.

—Out of 500 men examined but three jurors have been gotten in the Polk trial for stealing \$400,000 from the State of Tennessee.

—One of the premium locomotives at the Chicago Exposition has made seventy-five miles an hour on the Philadelphia and Reading road.

—The saloon keepers in Cincinnati are coming to time. To date the amount of tax paid under the Scott law is \$338,000 and the sum will reach over \$500,000.

—Mrs. Pope, a resident of Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee and died from the effects of the sting in a few minutes. She was apparently in good health at the time.

—Last Friday at the examining trial of Ollie and Preston Brown for the killing of officer Geo. Freeman of Versailles, they were remanded to jail without bail until the October term of the Circuit Court.

—The estimated decrease of the public debt for June is \$17,500,000. This would make the total reduction of the debt for the fiscal year ended Saturday about \$137,225,000.

—President Arthur is a practical civil service reformer. Three of the Collectors deposed in Virginia voted for Garfield and Arthur, while their successors supported Hancock and English. They were Machonettes.

—Five murderers pulled hemp Friday. Three were swung off from one gallows at Fort Smith, Ark., a negro executed the lone act at Cambridge, Md., and at Darin, Ga., another negro was dropped with a "dull thud."

—J. R. Deering was killed recently at Bowling Green by a falling circus bill-board. His widow yesterday received a verdict of \$10,000 against Sells Bros., the circus proprietors, and Forbes Bros., who erected the board.

—President Arthur leaves Washington to-day for New York. July 10 he goes to Newport for a two weeks' stay. Then he will cruise along the New England coast, and before returning to Washington, will visit the Yellowstone region.

—Now that wheat is down to a dollar, or thereabout, farmers will have something to say about it. In the country where winter wheat is grown, there are commodious barns and the golden grain is a good thing to have on hand.—[Cincinnati Com.]

—Col. Thomas L. Jones was here Monday and made a speech. All that is necessary to say, is that he did not come at the instance of the Democratic Central Committee of the State, nor to advance the cause of the State ticket.—[Owen News.]

—For the first six months of 1883 the business failures were 2,862; for the first six months of 1882, 3,597; for the first half of 1883, 4,037. In 1881 the liabilities for the first six months were \$40,000,000; in 1882, \$50,000,000; for the first six months in 1883, \$60,000,000.

—A lot of narrow-gauge railway enthusiasts are mapping out in Indianapolis a gigantic system of narrow-gauge roads that will connect the two oceans, the gulf and all the large cities. They are anti-monopolists. Every employee of the proposed system is to be a stockholder. They propose to build 11,000 miles of road. The capital required will be \$360,000,000. Of this sum \$112,000 has been subscribed, or less than one-third of the sum. The entire amount wanted. Directors and officers have been elected. Erwin Kennedy is President.

—Collector A. M. Swope took in during June, internal revenue to the amount of \$183,254.80. During the fiscal year his collections have been \$1,974,863.32.

—Geo. Noel, aged twenty-three, who was sent to the penitentiary from Franklin county Saturday, is now serving his fifth sentence in that institution. The Governor ought to pardon him.

—Hon. Chas. Francis Armistead, of color, a former member of the Mississippi Legislature, and a forcible democratic speaker, will make a number of speeches in Kentucky during the campaign.

—A company has been formed in London for the purpose of laying two more cables between England and the United States. The stock has been subscribed. The new company will have all the cable business of the Postal Telegraph Company. One of the cables will be laid before the close of the present year.

—The Democratic State Central Committee has issued a circular requesting the Chairmen of the Central Committees in all the counties to call meetings and arrange for a thorough canvass in each legislative district. It is important that the issues of the campaign should be thoroughly discussed throughout all the villages, as well as in the cities. United and effective work is looked for everywhere.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John B. Fish.

—I might have been drunk when my last report was written, but I don't remember to have taken a single drink.

—M. J. Cook is the republican candidate for representative. If we have to have a republican member, I could not think of one who would suit better.

—Miss Mamie Martin, of Brodhead, is in town. Mr. Mart Dillon, the most clever and accommodating baggage master on the L. & N. R. R., spent Thursday in our town.

—The young gentlemen who went to Lancaster to attend the hop Friday night, returned Saturday and Sunday. They were well pleased with the people of Lancaster.

—It was reported in town last week that James Hardin, of Upper Roundstone, had been killed by a young man who struck him on the head with a pistol. This report was not correct. Hardin was knocked in the head but was not badly injured. Both parties were drunk.

—Our efficient section foreman, J. B. Douglas killed a snake near the Big Fill which measured nine feet in length. It had caught a rabbit and was coiled around him when killed. The snake was cut open and was found to contain four other rabbits. Mr. Douglas is not a drinking man.

—A man by the name of Stoney was arrested in Louisville one day last week and brought to this place for trial. He is charged with stealing two hounds, a horn used by hunters to call their dogs, one calf and about fifty pieces of dynamite. When he left here a few days, he was in too much of a hurry to take his property with him. He telegraphed Mr. Maret to send his baggage, but he need not send the dogs. His trial is set for next Thursday afternoon.

BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE.

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. June 10th, '83.

Dear Interior: Bro. Noble, whose fund of anecdote is inexhaustible, in speaking of the way in which uninitiated sight-seers in this and other countries, are "put upon" by interested guides, often as ignorant as themselves, told us an illustrative incident, for which, however, he did not vouch:

A rustic visitor at Eze House, while being shown the mysteries of that historic plotting-place, among other things received this wondrous scrap of information from his voluble chaperone: "Do you see that stair-case, sir? Well, right on that spot, the great Spurgeon met Oliver Cromwell." I was reminded of it as I listened to a policeman (not of the pious sort mentioned in my last), who after a great show of mystery and peeping around corridors, proposed to take us to the crypt of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, where very few ever had the chance of going. Our curiosity being duly whetted, he went after a mysterious key, and still preserving the startled look of a conspirator, risking much for our sakes, led us through an old iron door into a mouldy basement, where, in a great room we found the appliances of a modern gymnasium; rope ladders, swinging rings and even a leather-covered hobby horse. Inquiring in a wondering way what all this meant, our guide informed us that the ancient crypt was used for an exercise room by the boys of Westminster school, but then proceeded to show us various brick-work nooks where the monks used to have their cells, and sundry arches, very ancient, interlarding his comments with historical items, about as reliable as the one above quoted; and in due time getting us out of the old place, with such added mystery, once and again coming back to tell us, in a sepulchral undertone, to wait until the head master had passed and the coast was quite clear, so that when we issued from the old iron door, we had all the feeling of people who had been engaged in some unlawful enterprise, and were only too glad to give the man his shilling and get away to some place where we could once more feel innocent and breathe freely. O, how hungry for a shilling are these officials, and what will they not do to extract one from the willing or unwilling visitor!

Another of Bro. Noble's illustrative anecdotes will bear repeating, because it contains a principle and points a moral almost equal to the story of the Illinois farmer who wanted more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to get more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to get more money to buy more land, &c., &c.

At a lunatic asylum where the gentler of the poor creatures were permitted to run in the large yard with only partial surveillance, one of them leaning on the fence and noticing a gentleman passing by, mounted on a splendid hunter, on his way to the "meet" of the hounds, accented him thus: "Where are you going?" "To the meet," was the good-humored reply of the gentleman, knowing that the poor fellow was a "patient."

"Is that your horse?" "Yes." "What did he cost?" "One hundred guineas." "How many of you go to meet?" "About a hundred." "How many dogs do you have?" "Fifty." "What is a dog worth?" "Ten guineas." "What do you do when you go to meet?" "Hunt a fox." "What do you do when you catch him?" "Kill him." "Humph! is that all?" "Yes." "One hundred gentlemen with horses worth 100 guineas each; that comes to £10,000; 50 dogs worth 10 guineas each; that is £500 more; and all you get for that money is one poor little fox, and a dead one at that. Look here, my friend, I advise you to be off in a hurry. If my governor finds you about here, he'll run you in, certain!" Are all the lunatics shut up? That's the question suggested by the story.

A few little points, of possible interest, before we leave London, for I do not doubt that Hastings will have its own items of interest, and somehow or other I feel as if our stay in the dear old city was near its end and we were soon to leave it for good. If we get started in the provinces, we shall hardly return again. Remember the 35,000,000 shut up in a territory not larger than the States of New York and Pennsylvania! We shall be ready for our voyage to India when this area shall have been even partially visited. The way has been opened up to Scotland already, as I think I mentioned in my last. The good hand of our God is so plainly in it that we feel no hesitancy in making the move on the 29th inst. Until then the time is fully occupied by the Hastings meeting until the 18th and after that the Stratford services for 10 days longer. Not Stratford-on-Avon, which is a good way off, but Stratford in the east of London, near Victoria Park and not very far from Shacklewell Lane.

Last Tuesday afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing a "Bible Reading" by Mr. Andrew Jukes, the dear man of God mentioned in the preface to "God's Love-Story." He is near his three-score and ten, but his "bow still abides in strength," and his erect figure still tells that he was something soldierly in his make-up. He was an officer in the Indian army in his young manhood and I will warrant, a gallant one. His head is bald and beard snowy, now, but his tall, graceful figure and springing step make light of the many years that have only conquered these outworks, leaving the inner citadel still strong. As a teacher, he is as eager listeners, as in his fascinating books. Any of my readers who have read his "Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels," or "Law of Levitical Offerings," or "Types of Genesis," know what this means. The Bible reading of Tuesday was on "The Cross," as set forth in 1st Cor. 1st chap. I know some of the dear Bible readers who see these lines will thank me for a few items from memory that will throw light on that portion of God's word: 1st. The Jew was after a "sign," or power. Was he wrong? No. But there seemed no power in the Cross, where one expired in weakness. 2d. The Greek wanted "wisdom." Was he wrong? No. But in the Cross there seemed nothing of the wisdom of earth he sought. Only a "stumbling block" to the one and "foolishness" to the other. Both were looking for a right thing. Both were stirred upon the great question of life: "We are in trouble; how can we get out of it? Power and might can extricate us," thought the Jew. "If we only knew more," sighed the Greek, "then deliverance would come." 3d. That which both longed for, but looked for in vain, elsewhere, forgetting the only place in which it could be found, was in the Cross of Calvary. God's power—conquering the hosts of hell and beating back every foe that could rise against us. God's wisdom—revealing all mysteries; cutting every tangled knot of human life and letting loose the sunlight to irradiate our darkness. 4th. "The world by wisdom knew not God." That is (not as most think—the world's wisdom but) God's wisdom. "The heavens declare the 'glory' of that wisdom—the 'firmament' the 'handiwork' of that wisdom—but we never knew God as we need Him, in the sun, moon and stars. The world could not read God's wisdom and learn the way out of their difficulty. Then God said, 'My children, since you can't read that book, I will give you another.' So it pleased Him by 'the foolishness of preaching to save.' 5. What is the foolishness of preaching? Light comes by comparing 2d Cor. 11:16-23 with this curious phrase. Paul then again and again says that he speaks 'as a fool.' Why? Because they had compelled him to talk about himself. To this day we esteem one foolish who talks about himself, much; what he has done, what he has said, what he intends doing." So the dear God will now talk about Himself to us, who couldn't read his book of wisdom in the skies. He will come down to our need and let us know a person instead of things. 6th. The person of God is in His Son; "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person." We look on Jesus and behold our God. He moves in our presence. We see Him as He is in the person of His Son. 7th. On the Cross more than any where else we know Him; dying in our stead to win our revolted hearts, while He then conquers all enemies for us. Love giving itself for us. That will draw all unto Him who is thus "lifted up." 8th. The figure of the Cross has a mystery of wisdom in it. It has been abused, as every good thing has been; but we ought not to object to its being put on churches or hung in our houses, if only we learn the right lesson from it. Properly taken it is the sign of a subject will, perfectly rehearsed by the dear One who "became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." In us, too, let it appear. The Cross beam our will, the upright God's—pointing heavenwards, as ours ever runs parallel, only with earth. So may we daily bear our cross in sweetest joy, knowing no will but His and dying ever to selfhood. Then shall be fulfilled

the true meaning of the Cross. Christ for us and Christ in us; bearing in our bodies the death that the life also may be manifested in us. Something like this the dear teacher of many taught us in the power of the Spirit, on Tuesday. It was good to be there. It will always be a joyful memory to me that I heard him that once. I can scarcely hope in the busy life that looms up before me, to enjoy the privilege again.

The very tones of his voice are full of good cheer. His is a religion of joy and peace, and his own radiant face is a reflex of the inward peace an indwelling Jesus brings to Jesus flings its shadows over the whole life, and the poor soul that refused to admit Jesus without an agony of remorse, refuses steadily, in after life, to be lifted into the clear sunlight of a joyous experience. The other night, a man came to me, wearing a very solemn look, and looking at me out of eyes that seemed to have lost the power to twinkle with enjoyment, with this question, asked in a very dismal undertone: "Do you know what led me to Christ, Sir?" I answered, "I know what ought to have led you, for the Bible tells me that 'the goodness of God leadeth to repentance.'" "This is what led me," he replied, lifting a mutilated hand, with two fingers clean gone and the others misshapen. "But for that, I should never have been saved." "Well," I said, "My brother you may have been driven by such an accident as that, led I would not call it—led. The LORD in Mercy brought honey out of that lion's carcass, but He hardly ought to be charged with such a diabolical mutilation as that. My God don't cut people's fingers off to save them. He gave His Son to die for them."

The poor fellow's religion was evidently tinged by his false thought of God, in His first dealing with him. How many are trying, in vain, to love with deepest devotion, a God like that—and go on, driven by a "spirit of bondage again to fear." And yet that poor fellow shows his mutilated hand with a sort of pride, as if, instead of being a devil's mark, it were a badge of honor, that exalted him to spiritual knighthood. O it is pitiful! pitiful! Well, I live in hopes of telling many thousands something better.

My next from Hastings, if the LORD'S will. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—I expect to leave here very soon and will place all the accounts of Hemphill & Walden in the hands of an officer for collection that are not settled by July 1st. Geo. L. Walden. 31*

—R. W. Lillard & Co. have reduced the price on all wool, double width, Nun's veiling from 60 to 45 cts. Also a great reduction in satens, gloves, hosiery, laces, ladies' underwear, fans, and on all fancy goods. This reduction is for thirty days only. You will save money by calling right away.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY. Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

Notice of Incorporation!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, John K. West, J. V. Cook, R. H. Tomlinson, John H. Woodcock, Wm. H. Kinnaird, J. P. Sandifer, H. C. Herring and B. M. Burdett, have this day incorporated themselves, under Chapter 56 of the General Statutes, under the corporate style of "The Garrard Female College." Their principal place of business is Lancaster, Ky., and the nature of the business is the establishment and maintenance of a college for the education of females. The amount of capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) with privilege to increase in such installments as the Board of Trustees may prescribe, after 90 days' notice and after \$5,000 shall have been subscribed. The corporation commences this day (June 28, 1883) and shall continue 25 years. The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by nine Trustees, to be elected annually by the shareholders on the 24th Wednesday in June each year after the year 1885; the incorporators to be Trustees until the 24th Wednesday in June, 1884. The Board of Trustees shall elect annually a President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. This corporation shall not at any time subject itself to a greater indebtedness than the sum of \$5,000, and the private property of the stockholders and incorporators is to be and is exempted from corporate debts. This 26th day of June, 1883. JOHN K. WEST, JOHN H. WOODCOCK, R. H. TOMLINSON, J. V. COOK, WM. H. KINNARD, J. P. SANDIFER, H. C. HERRING, B. M. BURDETT.

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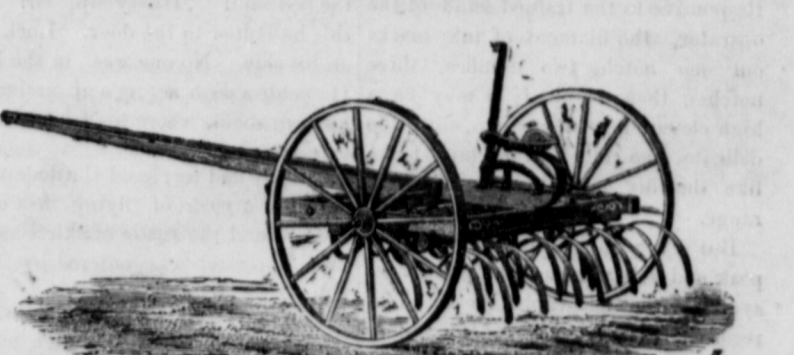
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